

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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A WORD ABOUT PERFUMES.

Some Please the Senses. But Don't Help the Nerves.

One of the best remedies for a sallow or "muddy" complexion is a generous diet of fruit. Many kinds of fruit possess wonderful powers of clearing the skin and giving it a translucent appearance. A celebrated skin specialist once said that several sound, ripe apples eaten daily would beautify the skin when local applications had proved useless. As a matter of fact a torpid liver is frequently the immediate cause of skin troubles, and the juice of apples, containing as it does a valuable acid, acts upon the liver, and helps the digestive organs to work properly. Among the most valuable fruits, the daily use of which helps to improve the complexion, may be mentioned oranges, tamarinds, nectarines, peaches, plums, blackberries, pears, medlars, black currants, strawberries, gooseberries, red and white currants, lemons, limes, and—most valuable of all—apples.

An excellent antiseptic wash for the teeth, which also acts as an astringent if the gums are spongy and unhealthy, is composed of tannin, half a drachm; tincture of myrrh, five fluid drachms; spirits of horseradish, two ounces; tincture of tolu, two fluid drachms. Add a teaspoonful of this mixture to a tumblerful of cold or tepid water, and well brush the teeth, afterward thoroughly rinsing the mouth out with it. Another capital astringent and antiseptic mouth wash is made by simply adding three drops of oil of eucalyptus to a tumblerful of water.

Here are two old-fashioned recipes for homemade toilet waters for adding to the baths. For violet water put a quart of a pound of freshly-picked violets, together with their weight of pure alcohol, into a large bottle, cork and shake the bottle every day for one week; then add half a pint of distilled water; filter and bottle for use. Lavender toilet water may be made by steeping, for one hour, over a slow fire, in a covered farina boiler, one pound of fresh lavender flowers in one pint of water. On its removal from the fire add two quarts of alcohol, filter and keep in a closely-stoppered bottle for use.

The perfumes which are most agreeable to the senses are not always the most helpful to the nerves. Ambergris, for instance, is positively offensive to many, yet it is said to possess the virtue of clearing the brain and driving away those evil spirits known as the "blues." A faint odor of musk acts as a tonic, while civet brings drowsiness of soul, for which the best antidote is the pungent odor of sandalwood. The fragrance of citron and aloewood is as soothing to nervous people as far-off music. Many perfumes delightful in the open air become particularly disagreeable in a close room. A whole evening can be spoiled by the presence of tuberose or lilies in a reception-room. Their strong fragrance causes a feeling of faintness. There are many fragrant flowers, such as carnation, clovepink, sweetbriar and apple-blossom, that are as beneficial as they are sweet scented. A vivid perfume is nearly always bracing, while a subtle one is generally enervating. One may become positively intoxicated through inhaling the odor of the peach, almond, wild cherry, and other blossoms of the same class, because they all contain a suggestion of prussic acid.—London Lady.

BETTER THAN THE BEST HOTEL.

The Humbled Home Is a Million Times Better Than the Finest Hotel.

Home life cements the love of husband and wife; other modes of living often loosen the tie. Nor does the question of expense excuse the not having of one's own home. A home is not, of necessity, a palace. The humblest cottage is a million times better than the most luxurious hotel ever planned by the hands of man. In the one happiness is probable; in the other it is just possible. We can talk all we choose about married happiness; that it, after all, rests solely between two people, and that it makes no difference where they live. That is very good as a theory. But thousands of instances prove the contrary: that the theory will not work out in practice. Happiness depends upon the growth of the people who are parts of it. People who stop and stagnate are never happy. True happiness thrives on what it feeds upon. Let stagnation enter into two lives, and happiness becomes stagnant and unhealthy. But let our lives be filled with contentment, with domestic pleasure, with that germ of evolution which springs from the hearthstone, and the happiness which springs from those elements is purer, sweeter and more satisfying to our natures, our minds and our souls. A man and wife were made to abide together in inseparable lives, and as new elements come into that union to sweeten and hallow it, the abiding place should be some little place, some corner in this big world which they can call their own, their very own, where everything around them speaks of the husband's energy and the wife's achievement. That is home.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

—Only four of the 12 corner lots in Tremont street, Boston, between Scollay square and Boylston street, have changed owners in 40 years. One of the four was sold a few days ago for a price stated as more than \$150,000 and less than \$200,000. Its assessed valuation is \$122,000. It had been owned by the Lowell family since 1811.

—Convicts in the penitentiary at Boise, Idaho, have organized two baseball teams, and are permitted to play on Saturday afternoons.

THE RHYTHM OF THE RAIN.

I sit beside the flickering fire and listen to the rain,
Which beats its solemn rhythmic march upon my window pane;
A dull and dismal monotone, but in its muffled tune
Weird voices whispering of the past run softly through its rune;
And somehow as familiar tones are thus conveyed to me,
Loved faces from the shadow land within the room I see.

They come and go within the glow of my declining fire,
The ones who for long years on earth fulfilled my heart's desire;
An aged mother's gentle face in halo made of smiles,
Whose memory still keeps far all sin which injures or defiles;
Though now the coffin's lid shields her from earthly ill and care,
Her voice comes back in accents sweet and bids her boy beware.

Near her a father's kindly face and grave but loving voice,
With friends long gone who come again to solace and rejoice;
Whose presence seems here to diffuse a blessing for their friend,
Whose kindly smiles and gracious words with love in blessing blend;
Red embers burning low as though love's genial altar fires,
The raindrops marking time with beat which never flags or tires.

At such times come to seeing souls the spirits of the past,
The memories oft by daylight cares and stern work overcast;
The forms which touch us not at all in toilsome garish day,
The gentler thoughts in business hours as shy and sweet as they;
But when the twilight shadows veil day's worry, fret and rush,
Ghosts march timed by the rain's tattoo through evening's restful hush.

How sweet sometimes to rest at eve, to hold this glad commune,
With rhythmic rain and rhythmic thought, and gentlest hours in tune;
Our better selves thus touching souls which long since went away,
To leave us none we loved with quite so true a trust as they;
And so when embers turn to gold and rest replaces pain,
Our eyes close to the ills of life, our weary souls are fain
To welcome those whose tones blend with the rhythm of the rain.

I. EDGAR JONES.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Slowly and cautiously they descended the stairs. At Whidby's door the hypnotist stopped, held up his hand warningly, bent his body forward, and stood motionless for about two minutes. Warrenton did not know whether he was listening for a sound within or concentrating his hypnotic power on Whidby. In the dim moonlight that fell through the frosted glass of the front door, the colonel could see the doctor's forehead was wrinkled, and his massive brows drawn together. Then the hypnotist stood erect, took a deep, full breath, and said: "He's all right now; come in."

He turned the doorknob and entered. Whidby was lying on his side. In the white light from without, his face looked pale and thin. The doctor bent over him and said, softly, but imperatively: "Sleep! sleep! you are sleeping now deeper and deeper. Ah, there you go!" Then, to the great astonishment of the colonel, he turned, laughed aloud, and spoke to him in an ordinary tone.

"Good! so far it could not be better. Now we are ready for the test. Ah!"—as he noticed the colonel's start—"you need not be afraid of his hearing us; he is as far away as if he were dead. See."—the hypnotist chuckled with satisfaction as he pointed to the blood-stained chair near the bed and Whidby's shirt upon it—"see, he has followed my instructions to the letter. Good! The folding doors, I think, on the night of the murder, were pushed back and the curtains hung between; is that not so?"

"Yes."

"All right." The hypnotist slid the doors apart, and released the portiere from the holders on each side. "Now for your role, and then we will begin. It may not be very pleasant for you, but you will oblige me if you will lie down in the bed in the next room in the same position as that in which they found the dead man."

Warrenton stared; then he laughed awkwardly, and said:

"All right; I am at your service."

"Whidby won't hurt you, I give you my word," said the doctor. "Take off your coat and throw down your suspenders—so. Now off with that collar and cravat, and turn the shirt under at the neck, this way. I would have asked you to wear a night shirt, but I was afraid you'd catch cold."

The colonel took off his slippers, turned down the sheets, and got into the bed, lying on his side with his face to the window.

"Was that Strong's position?" asked the hypnotist.

"As nearly as I can remember."

"All right. Now let me cover you—so. Now watch Whidby, and don't stir if he comes to you—not even if he touches you rather forcibly. I assure you he won't be able to hurt you."

"All right. I am ready."

The portiere was hanging between the two rooms, but Dr. Lampkin held it behind him as he leaned against one of the folding doors so that Warrenton could see Whidby's bed. The colonel could see the face of the hypnotist. His great flashing eyes were fixed on the sleeper, his brows contracted; all his mental force seemed concentrated upon one idea.

"Come, get up, get up!" he said, presently, in a tone of command.

Whidby caught his breath audibly, as one suddenly waking from sleep. He turned over, rose slowly, and put his feet on the floor. "Come, stand up!" the hypnotist ordered, firmly. Whidby obeyed, looking as if he were wide awake. "Do as you were told to do on the night of the 10th of June. Do it, I say! Don't hesitate."

Slowly Whidby walked toward the window at the head of his bed, but with-

out a word he suddenly stopped, threw up his hand in front of him with a repellent gesture, and retreated backward to the center of the room. "Do it, I say!" repeated the hypnotist. Once more Whidby slowly approached the window, with his hand outstretched, but again, with the same gesture, he stopped and retreated to the center of the room.

The colonel witnessed the whole proceedings. He fancied he saw an expression of vexation on the face of the hypnotist, every muscle of which seemed drawn, every vein about to burst. His large eyes seemed to start from their sockets. For the third time, though now no word was spoken, Whidby approached the window, and then, with a deep sigh and a strange child-like whimper, he returned to his bed and sat down on the side of it.

Ten minutes passed. The hypnotist stood like a statue. A thrill of sudden fear passed over the colonel. Could any man be sane with that look on his face? Some one passed along the street whistling, and carrying a lantern. Its light danced about on the walls for an instant. In the flashes the colonel saw Whidby had covered his face with his hands.

"Come, get up!" In the awful silence the tones sounded like a clap of thunder. The colonel heard them ringing in echoes in the hall. Whidby rose, passed the folding doors, and entered Strong's room. The hypnotist released the portiere, letting it fall across the opening, and cautiously followed Whidby, who slowly approached the foot of the bed and then went round to the right and bent over the colonel. The young man was breathing hard and excitedly. He felt the colonel's body through the covering, and then, turning it down at the top, he pressed his fumbling fingers against Warrenton's bare throat two or three times, then drew him up, and, turning, went slowly back towards the portiere. He caught it with his right hand, drew it aside and passed in.

Dr. Lampkin was close behind him, followed by Warrenton. They drew the portiere aside just in time to see Whidby strike the chair which was between him and the bed. He grasped the top of it with his right hand and leaned so far forward that the others thought he was going to lose his balance and fall on his face. However, he recovered his equilibrium, and paused to replace the shirt, which had fallen on the floor. Then he lay down on the bed, turned his face from them and closed his eyes.

The hypnotist bent over him. "Sleep, sleep!" he commanded. Then he turned to the colonel, a look of disappointment on his face. "Poor chap! I am sorry for him. It looks very much as if he had been made to commit the deed. I understand now what caused him to have a slight remembrance of touching the chair, picking up the shirt, and so on. When he stumbled and almost fell that night, the hypnotizer was so fearful of the noise his fall would make that for an instant he lost control of his subject; but he regained it in a moment, and put him to sleep. What was that? I thought I heard a sound in the other room."

"Don't be frightened; it is I," sounded from behind a screen in a corner, and a man in a broad-brimmed slouched hat, long whiskers and linen ulster rose into view. He drew off his hat and his false beard, bowed and smiled. "Doctor, we are not strangers," he said. "Pardon my lack of ceremony. I confess I have been spying on your movements. I had to see what was going on, and in my own way."

"Minard Hendricks, by Jove!" ejaculated the doctor. "I should never have dreamed of your being here at such a time. This is Col. Warrenton, a friend of Mr. Whidby. We were experimenting."

Hendricks bowed to the colonel, and went on: "I know; you need not tell me. I was in the colonel's room just now, and overheard your talk. I felt less like an interloper when I heard you say you were going to give me the benefit of your investigations, so I followed you down here, and have seen and heard all. I am glad to make your acquaintance, Col. Warrenton, but you must both pardon my impatience. I am dying to make a little examination on my own account. Will he—the young man sound asleep?"

"Yes; he can hear only what I address to him."

"Go ahead," Warrenton joined in. "You may do as you like here."

"Thanks," Hendricks lighted the gas with a soundless match, and, going to the window which Whidby had approached so many times, examined the sill closely. Then he crossed the floor to the corner nearest the door, and, taking a small dark lantern from the pocket of his ulster, he went down on his hands and knees, and, throwing the light here and there about the corner, made a minute examination of the carpet, and then of the plastered walls near where he crouched.

Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin watched him curiously, both with long faces. When he had finished and closed his lantern with a snap, Warrenton ventured to say:

"If you have discovered anything, sir, which would lead you to believe that my young friend was not the instrument of a hypnotist, and not made to commit the crime, I should be very grateful. I am really afraid the morbid fear that such is the case will drive the poor fellow mad."

Hendricks smiled as he buttoned his ulster around him.

"That point, I believe, lies in Dr. Lampkin's province. I was trying to discover traces of the murderer where I failed to search the other day. For the present I can tell you no more. However, I may say that in spying on you to-night I have discovered enough to prove to my mind, at least, that either the murder was a hypnotist, or Mr. Whidby is a capital actor."

"What do you mean?" asked Col. Warrenton, sharply.

The detective smiled.

"Only that there are two sides to the

case. Either Whidby is guilty or some one else is; and that is what the public thinks. I should be glad to prove him wholly innocent. If he is guilty, he is listening to me now and has gone through a superb piece of acting. Eh, Whidby? But he may be asleep."

"I can testify to that," said Dr. Lampkin, uneasily. "I don't make mistakes in that line."

"If you do in others," laughed Hendricks. "But I must be going. You fellows have made me lose a lot of sleep to-night."

"What do you mean about my mistakes?" asked Dr. Lampkin, coldly.

"Never mind now; I shall perhaps explain before long," answered the detective. "Good-night." And he opened the door and was gone.

For several minutes Dr. Lampkin and the colonel stood looking at each other in silence. The pause was ended by the colonel.

"Well, we haven't any bright news for the poor fellow, have we? Shall we wake him and tell him the result of our investigations?"

"No; let him sleep till morning. It will brace him up. It is the first good sleep he has had for several days, I'll venture to say. No, don't tell him till I call to-morrow. I think I can put it before him so that he won't brood so much over it. I have a good many patients who employ me simply to keep them from worrying. Some of them I have cured permanently of the disease, for that's all it is, and a bad one. Good-night. I'll be round here in the morning."

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning about ten Miss Annette Delmar was admitted to the drawing-room of the Strong residence. She was thickly veiled. She told Matthews she wanted to see Mr. Whidby at once. As she took her seat she heard voices in the library across the hall. She recognized Whidby's voice and Col. Warrenton's, and now and then heard masculine tones she did not recognize. She rose when Whidby came in, but was startled at the sight of his pale, troubled face.

"Don't scold me," she said, extending her hands and speaking tenderly. "I could not let another day pass without seeing you after my weakness yesterday when you told me about your foolish fears in regard to hypnotism and your being the tool of some one with that power. I was so horrified, you seemed so earnest about it, and it shocked and frightened me so that I could not comfort you. But now that I have thought it all over I am not worrying at all. Dear, it is only imagination on your part. You have read of such things and fancy them possible to yourself. I don't believe a word of it. You had nothing in the world to do with it. It is only an absurd idea."

Whidby put his arm round her and drew her to a sofa. He did not speak for a minute, but sat stroking her gloved hand. Then he said:

"You ought not to come here, dear; it is imprudent; but it makes me very



"Sleep, sleep!" he commanded.

happy, for it is such a strong proof of your love and confidence. Unfortunately, however, my morbid fears have just been confirmed. Dr. Lampkin, the hypnotic expert, of whom I spoke yesterday, is in the library with Col. Warrenton. There is no doubt that I was hypnotized and made to do the deed."

"What? Oh, Alfred!" Miss Delmar paled, and she felt her shudder as she leaned nearer to him.

"There is no longer any doubt about it," he repeated. "Dr. Lampkin has just been giving me a good talk against worrying over what can't be helped, and really I do feel more hopeful about it. Besides, all may come out well in the end."

"But—but how do you know you did it? It's perfectly absurd!"

"They put me to a test last night. I won't trouble you with it. It would only try your nerves to go into details. I knew nothing about it. I was hypnotized after I fell asleep, and they got sufficient power to convince them. Now, don't get excited, darling; you are trembling all over, just as you did yesterday."

Miss Delmar drew her hands from his clasp and covered her face.

"Oh, I can't bear it! I simply cannot bear to think that you did it in—such a horrid way. Alfred, you didn't! You didn't!"

The door bell rang. Whidby sat staring into the frank eyes of the girl, unable to formulate a reply. Neither spoke just then. They heard Matthews go to the door and open it; then a gentleman entered the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Whidby," he said. "I am Minard Hendricks, the detective who witnessed the proceedings in your bedroom last night. I thought I might find Dr. Lampkin and Col. Warrenton here."

"They are now in the library," answered Whidby. "Matthews will notify them that you are here. Take a seat, Mr. Hendricks."

Miss Delmar arose and extended her hand to Whidby.

"I must be going," she said, in a low voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Hendricks. "You are Miss Delmar, I am sure. I would not detain you, but I am certain that I can tell you something you would like to hear. Now, I see," Hendricks went on, smiling reassuringly, "that you think I am pretty bold to introduce myself in this abrupt way; but you must remember that I am a detective, and that it is my business sometimes to introduce myself without much ceremony."

Miss Delmar smiled faintly and bowed. "Of course; that is your right, sir," she said.

Then Col. Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin came in.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Hendricks. "I have been thinking over our mutual investigations of last night, and have come to the conclusion that it cannot harm my proceedings to endeavor to remove a false impression from your minds in regard to Mr. Whidby's actions when hypnotized by the criminal. I could have told you the truth last night, but was not quite ready to do so."

"You don't think he was made to do the deed?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

"He didn't," broke in Miss Delmar, excitedly. "I don't see how anyone could think so for a moment."

Hendricks smiled. "That's the way I like to hear it expressed," he said to the young lady. "If you had been present last night, Miss Delmar, you would not have let them think so."

"How are you going to prove it?" asked Col. Warrenton, hopefully. "Don't make any mistake this time. Much depends on it. Whidby has been fretting his heart out over the horrible idea."

"May we go into Mr. Whidby's room now?" asked Hendricks. "Miss Delmar may come also. I can explain things better to ladies than to men."

Warrenton opened the door. "Certainly; the room has been put to rights. Come on."

"Now," began the detective, when they had entered Whidby's room. "We won't indulge in so much realism as have the colonel representing the dead man, nor Mr. Whidby playing the role of a peaceful sleeper, out of respect for Miss Delmar's nerves; for, while she would really make a better detective than any one of you, she is only a woman, after all, and we won't make the picture any more gruesome than is necessary. For our purpose we will simply imagine that the other room contains a sleeper, and that Mr. Whidby is reclining on this bed. Now, Dr. Lampkin, when Mr. Whidby was hypnotized last night and you made him get up, did you notice whether his right hand was closed or open?"

"I did not," replied the doctor, with a sudden start and then a questioning stare into Hendricks' face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS MOTHER'S WATCH.

A Poor Author's Struggle with His Sense of Duty.

Mme. Octave Feuillel tells a pretty story of her famous husband's youth in "Some Years of My Life." During the first few years of his literary labors, the author of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was himself poor and struggling.

His father, who had desired for him a diplomatic career, was bitterly opposed to Octave's adoption of literature as a profession. He even went so far as to refuse to receive his son, and to withdraw from him his modest allowance; but the young man's aspirations remained unchanged. He set himself diligently to work at the labor of his choice, full of confidence in the future.

During this saddened and restricted period of his life the only recreation he allowed himself, strange as it may seem, was dancing. Passionately fond of this amusement, he devoted all of his leisure evenings to it, where he would dance until he was ready to drop from exhaustion. The masked balls of the opera had for the hard-working young writer an especial fascination.

One evening he so ardently desired to attend one of these balls, that he pawned his watch to obtain enough money to hire a costume for the occasion. Now this watch had been his mother's, and no sooner had he entered his attic room than he began to reflect upon what he had done. Remorse followed exhilaration. He resolved to return the next morning to the pawnshop, give back the money and reclaim his watch.

"I passed the night," he said, afterwards, "gazing upon the ten francs I had received, my heart beating painfully, my eyes filled with tears, and asking myself if I would really be strong enough to absent myself from the ball."

The following day he proved the strength of his resolution by returning to the pawnbroker and redeeming his watch. As in this instance he was, throughout his whole life, actuated by a sense of duty, and constrained by the most delicate sentiments.—Youth's Companion.

Cylindrical Cotton Bales.

At first transportation companies and manufacturers were doubtful of the advisability of introducing the new cotton presses which turn out cylindrical bales. They believed they could not be packed readily, and that it would be difficult to remove samples. The latter objection was soon shown to be groundless, and it was demonstrated that the new presses pack the cotton so compactly that it requires less space than by the old system of square bales. This same compactness was proved, by actual experiment, to be a great protection in case of fire. Inky water was also thrown over it, and would not penetrate. There is a growing belief in the south that the round bale is coming into general use.

—One-quarter of the people of New York have never been outside that city and most of them think that the region west of the Mississippi river is virtually a wilderness or inhabited by semi-barbarians.

HUMOROUS.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what do you mean by nutritious food?" "Something that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Tit-Bits.

—Brown—"It makes me tired to hear people call it the Klondike fever." Yeast—"What would you call it?" "The Klondike chill."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Brief But to the Point.—Short (who is but five feet tall)—"Do you believe that brevity is the soul of wit?" Miss Smart—"Not in your case."—Chicago News.

—A Difference.—O'Hoggarty—"Did Hogan succumb in convincin' yez that ye wor wrong?" McLubberty—"No, begorra! But he bated me till he made me admit ut!"—Puck.

—Very Like.—Olden—"Ah, there's nothing like the good old circus jokes." Platty—"Why, there are the new jokes that are being worked off to-day."—Philadelphia North American.

—Crusoeback—"Here's one strange thing I've noticed." Yeast—"And what's that?" "Why, a boy is christened with water and afterwards takes to wine, while a ship is christened with wine and afterwards takes to water."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Heading Him Off.—Standoff—"There is only one way of preventing a returned arctic explorer from going back to the frozen north." Sawdoff—"What way is that?" Standoff—"Don't send a relief expedition when he goes the first time."—Harlem Life.

—Mamma—"Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy, you?" Dick—"Well, what did she want to cheat for, then?" Mamma—"How did she cheat?" Dick—"Why, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with—and she never tempted me—but went and ate it all up herself!"—Tit-Bits.

FLIES IMPRISONED IN AMBER.

Though Thousands of Years Old, the Insects Are Well Preserved.

A valuable collection of amber is being exhibited in London which is attracting much attention from both naturalists and the public. Most people know that amber, away in the dim ages, was gum of the most transparent and liquid kind which oozed from the pines growing in countries near to what is the Baltic sea of our day. The trees decayed and mingled with the soil, but the resin was stored up by nature and when, as the centuries rolled on, the earth began gradually to sink and the sea washed over what was once dry land the wood soil was upheaved and the hard gum carried off by the waves, to be dropped to the bottom of the ocean. There the action of the water in the course of further ages slowly converted the lumps of resin into the fossil, which the ocean currents have since disturbed and often cast back on the coasts. It was in oozing from the pine trees that the liquid resin caught up in its course insects and other things which have been wonderfully preserved. Ants and spiders, lichen and leaves, flowers and fruit of species and kinds unknown to recorded history are to be examined with as much facility as if they stood on an object glass, and of such a delicate consistency was evidently this trickling gum that the winged insects have been imprisoned without the slightest damage to their fragile forms.

The finest specimen in the London collections contains a fly, very much like the species which to-day is common the world over. It seems to be poised in midair, the wings outstretched in the most natural fashion, with the light playing on their gauzy texture and showing them in ever-changing hues. The legs are long and the fine hairs covering them are plainly discernible; even the eyes are preserved. There are some ten insects in another piece of amber about an inch square, including a couple of spiders and an insect looking very much like a mosquito. Another specimen contains five flies, and, while it is evident, from the peaceful attitude of four of them, that the overwhelming process was immediately effectual, one appears to have given a last kick and that death struggle of an honest insect many thousands of years ago is plainly recorded to-day in the disturbed appearance of the fossilized gum. Another small block holds a spider of quite ferocious aspect and his eager attitude would almost suggest that he was already on the track of a victim when death overwhelmed him instead. Imprisoned in yet another piece is a spider which appears to have died in the act of carrying to a safe place its white sack of eggs. Feathers of birds, the wood of extinct trees, the hairs of mammalia, lizards and scorpions are also found in amber, and so fine and thin must have been the gum in its original state that in flowing it took casts of most beautiful and microscopic forms and of plants and leaves of trees long since passed away.

In cutting the amber containing insects the great object is to clear away the stone so as to leave the imprisoned specimens as near the surface as possible. Much care and skill is required in the task, for if the cut is made too deep and the air reaches the insects it immediately disappears in minute particles of dust.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Enterprising and Original.

Mrs. Watts—That Simonsbee woman is a perfect fiend!

Mr. Watts—I always thought her so gentle and refined.

"Oh, she is among you men, but what do you think of a woman who will wear her little boy's baseball shoes to a bargain rush and spike every woman who gets in her way?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Walking Cyclopedia.

Hilton—Where did Walker get his education?

Tilton—I don't know exactly, but I should say at some place where they were selling a lot of misfit educations cheap.—Sumerville Journal.